In Recital

Amy Lin, mezzo-soprano

assisted by
Eileen Kim, piano

Wednesday, March 10, 2004 at 5:00pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

Program

Sommi Dei (Radamisto) (1712) — Georges Freideric Handel (1685-1759)
Ah! Tu non sai (Ottone) (1723)

Fac ut portem from *Stabat Mater* (1831) — Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

Liederkreis, Op. 39 (1840) — Robert Alexander Schumann (1810-1856)

1. In der fremde
2. Waldesgespräch
3. Mondnacht
12. Frühlingsnacht

Intermission

Le charme, Op. 2, No. 2 (1879) — Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)
Les papillons, Op. 2, No. 3 (1880)
Le colibri, Op. 2, No. 7 (1882)

The Triples of Yangguan (Wei city song) — arr Heyward Wong (b. 1946)
Liberate by Wang Wei (AD 701 - 761)

Xijianyue (The Moon over the West River) — WUT Man-chung (b. 1978)
Poem by Su Shi (1037-1101)

From *Vanessa* (1958) — Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Must the winter come so soon

Una voce poco fa (Il barbiere di Siviglia) (1816) — Gioacchino Rossini (1792-1868)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Lin.

Texts and Translations

Sommi Dei
Che scorgete I mali miei,
Proteggete un mesto cor!À

(Supreme gods)
Take heed of my sufferings,
Protect an unhappy soul!

Ah! Tu non sai
Ah! Tu non sai,
Quant'il mio cor sospira,
Esente per lui pieta
In tante lai
Albro non brama il mio dolor,
Che a lui si renda a libertÀ

(Ah! You do not know)
Ah! You do not know
How my heart sighs
And feels pity for him.
In so many songs
My sadness could not express a greater desire
Than his gaining liberty.

Fac ut portem from *Stabat Mater*
Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis ejus sortem,
Et plagas recolere.
Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Ob amorem filii.

(I will sing of Thy great mercy)
I will sing of thy great mercy,
For I was in deep of fliction,
And thou didst deliver me,
I will call unto the people,
And the nations all shall hear me,
And shall praise they holy name.

Liederkreis, Op. 39
No.1 **In der Fremde**
Aus der Heimat hinter den Blitzen rot
Da kommen die Wolken her,
Aber Vater und Mutter sind lange tot,
Es kennt mich dort keiner mehr.

(In foreign lands)
From the direction of home, behind the red flashes of lightning
There come clouds,
But Father and Mother are long dead;
No one there knows me anymore.

Wie bald, ach wie bald kommt die stille Zeit,
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir
Rauscht die schöne Waldeinsamkeit,
Und keiner kennt mich mehr hier.

How soon, ah, how soon will that quiet time come,
When I too shall rest, and over me
The beautiful forest's loneliness shall rustle,
And no one here shall know me anymore.

No. 3 **Waldesgespräch**
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Was reitest du einsam durch den Wald?
Der Wald ist lang, du bist allein,
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ dich heim!

(Conversation in the wood)
It is already late, it is already cold;
why do you ride alone through the wood?
The wood is vast and you are alone,
You fair bride! I will lead you home.

"Groß ist der Männer Trug und List,
Vor Schmerz mein Herz gebrochen ist,
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her und hin,
O flieh! Du weißt nicht, wer ich bin."

"Great are the deceit and cunning of men;
My heart has broken for pain.
The forest horn strays here and there,
O flee! You do not know who I am."

So reich geschmückt ist Roß und Weib,
So wunderschön der junge Leib,
Jetzt kenn ich dich - Gott steht mir bei!
Du bist die Hexe Lorelei. -

So richly decked are mount and lady,
So wondrously fair the young form;
Now I recognize you - God stand by me!
You are the Witch Loreley.

No. 3 **Waldesgespräch** (cont'd).
"Du kennst mich wohl - vom hohen Stein
Schaut still mein Schloß tief in den Rhein.
Es ist schon spät, es ist schon kalt,
Kommst nimmermehr aus diesem Wald."

"You recognize me well - from the lofty cliffs
My castle gazes down into the Rhine.
It is already late, it is already cold -
You shall never again leave this wood."

No. 5 **Mondnacht**
Es war, als hätt' der Himmel,
Die Erde still geküßt,
Daß sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nur träumen müßt.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Wälder,
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus,
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

(Moon-night)
It was as if the sky
Had quietly kissed the earth,
So that in a shower of blossoms
She must only dream of him.

The breeze wafted through the fields,
The ears of corn waved gently,
The forests rustled faintly,
So sparkling clear was the night.

And my soul stretched
its wings out far,
Flew through the still lands,
as if it were flying home.

No. 12 **Frühlingsnacht**
Über'n Garten durch die Lüfte
Hört' ich Wandervögel ziehn,
Das bedeutet Frühlingsdüfte,
Unten fängt's schon an zu blühn.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte weinen,
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's nicht sein!][3]
Alte[4] Wunder wieder scheinen
Mit dem [Mondesglanz][5] herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne sagen's,
Und im Traume rauscht's der Hain,
Und die Nachtigallen schlagen's:
Sie ist deine! Sie ist dein!

(Spring night)
Above the garden and across the sky
I heard migrating birds passing;
that meant that spring was in the air;
below, things are already beginning to bloom.

I could rejoice, I could weep -
I feel as though it cannot be!
Old wonders appear again
with the moonlight.

And the moon and stars say it,
and in a dream the grove murmurs it,
and the nightingales sing it:
she is yours! She is yours!e larme

Chausson, Op. 2
No.2 **Le charme**
Quand ton sourire me surprit,
Je sentis frémir tout mon être,
Mais ce qui domptait nous esprit,
Je ne pus d'abord le connaître.

Quand ton regard tomba sur moi,
Je sentis mon âme se fondre,
Mais ce que serait cet émoi,
Je ne pus d'abord en répondre.

(The charm)
When your smile surprised me,
I felt a shudder through my entire being,
But what tamed my spirit,
At first I did not recognize.

When your glance fell on me,
I felt my soul melt,
But what that emotion was,
At first I could not answer it.

No. 2 **Le charme** (cont'd)
Ce qui me vainquit à jamais,
Ce fut un plus douloureux charme;
Et je n'ai su que je t'aimais,
Qu'en voyant ta premièr

(The charm)
What conquered me forever,
That was a charm more sad,
And I did not know that I loved you,
Until I saw your first tear.

No. 3 **Les papillons**
Les papillons couleur de neige
Volent par essaims sur la mer;
Beaux papillons blaues, quand pourrai-je
Prendre le bleu chemin de l'air.

(The butterflies)
The snow-white butterflies
fly in swarms over the sea.
Beautiful white butterflies, when can I
travel the blue path of the air?

Savez-vous, ô belle des belles,
Ma bayadère aux yeux de jais,
S'ils me voulaient prêter leurs ailes,
Dites, savez-vous, où j'irais?

Tell me, oh fairest of the fair,
my dancing-girl with the jet-black eyes -
if they were to lend me their wings,
do you know where I would fly?

Sans prendre un seul baiser aux roses,
À travers vallons et forêts,
J'irais à vos lèvres micloses,
Fleur de mon âme, et j'y mourrais.

Not taking one kiss from the roses,
I'd fly across valleys and forests
to alight on your half-closed lips (oh my soul's
chosen flower!) - and there I'd die.

No. 7 **Le colibri**
Le vert colibri, le roi des collines,
Voyant la rosée et le soleil clair,
Luire dans son nid tissé d'herbes fines,
Comme un frais rayon s'échappe dans l'air.

(The hummingbird)
The hummingbird, the green prince of the heights,
feeling the dew and seeing the sun's clear light
shining into his nest of woven grass,
shoots up in the air like a gleaming dart.

Il se hâte et vole aux sources voisines,
Où les bambous font le bruit de la mer,
Où l'açoka rouge aux odeurs divines
S'ouvre et porte au coeur un humide éclair.

Hurriedly he flies to the nearby marsh
where the waves of bamboo rustle and bend,
and the red hibiscus with the heavenly scent
opens to show its moist and glistening heart.

Vers la fleur dorée, il descend, se pose,
Et boit tant d'amour dans la coupe rose,
Qu'il meurt, ne sachant s'il l'a pu tarir!

Down to the flower he flies, alights from above,
and from the rosy cup drinks so much love
that he dies, not knowing if he could drink it dry.

Sur ta lèvre pure, ô ma bien-aimée,
Telle aussi mon âme eut voulu mourir,
Du premier baiser qui l'a parfumée.

Even so, my darling, on your pure lips
my soul and senses would have wished to die
on contact with that first full-fragrant kiss.

The Triples of Yangguan
Wei City morning rain
dampens the light dust.

By this inn, green,
newly green willows.

I urge you to drink
another cup of wine;

west of Yang Pass
are no old friends.
(tr. Mike O'Connor)

Xijianyue (The Moon Over The West River)
The World is a dream,
And life is a cold autumn breeze
Evening comes, but only sounds of leaves fill the long path
Look, as beard and brow grow long
Ah! Wine is cheap but only glass for one
moon is clear but hounded by cloud
On this clear autumn night, who to share this lonely light
As I toast the north with this depressing glass

Una voce poco fa
Una voce poco fa
qui nel cor mi risuon?
il mio cor ferito ?gi?
e Lindor fu che il piag?
S? Lindoro mio sar?
lo giurai, la vincer?
Il tutor ricuser?
io l'ingegno aguzzer?
Alla fin s'accheter?
e contenta io rester?
S? Lindoro mio sar?
lo giurai, la vincer?
Io sono docile, son rispettosa,
sono obbediente, dolce, amorosa;
mi lascio reggere, mi fo guidar.
Ma se mi toccano dov'?il mio debole
sar?una vipera e cento trappole
prima di cedere far?giocar.

(A voice has resounded here in my heart)
A voice has just
echoed here into my heart
my heart is already wounded
and it was Lindoro who shot.
Yes, Lindoro will be mine
I've swore it, I'll win.
The tutor will refuse,
I'll sharpen my mind
finally he'll accept,
and happy I'll rest.
Yes, Lindoro will be mine
I've swore it, I'll win.
I'm gentle, respectful
I'm obedient, sweet and loving
let be ruled, I let be guided
But if they touch where my weak spot is
I'll be a viper and a hundred traps
before giving up I'll make them fall

Upcoming Events

March
12 Friday, 8:00 pm
The University of Alberta
Jazz Choir *Happnin'*
Liana Bob, Director
Choralfest "Spotlight Concert"
Grant MacEwan College, Jasper Place Campus. For tickets and more information, please call 488-7464

13 Saturday, 6:00 pm
University of Alberta Madrigal Singers
Annual Fund Raising Dinner Concert/Silent Auction
Leonard Ratzlaff, Conductor
Fairmont Hotel MacDonald
For ticket information call 988-9497

14 Sunday, 8:00 pm
University Symphony Orchestra
Tanya Prochazka, conductor
Winspear Preview
Aaron Hryciw
The Hunters of Perterborough Abbey by Ludwig van Beethoven
Piano Concerto No. 4 in G Major
Soloist **Bianca Baciu**, winner of the USO concerto competition
Edward Elgar *Enigma Variations*

14 Sunday, 2:00 pm
The University of Alberta
Jazz Choir: *Happnin'*
Liana Bob, Director
Westmount Presbyterian Church
13820-109a Avenue

15 Monday, 8:00 pm
Visiting Artist Recital
Milton Schlosser, piano
Featuring
Frederic Rzewski
The People United Will Never Be Defeated!

16 Tuesday, 5:00 pm
Piano Masterclass
with **Milton Schlosser**
Free admission
For information, please call 492-8113

16 Tuesday, 8:00 pm
New Music Series
Visiting Artists **Lands End Ensemble**
Hatzis *Fertility Rites*
Murphy *Piano Quartet*
Zappa *The Black Page No. 2*
Stokes *Quartet*
Strauss, arr Schoenberg *Kaiserwalzer* Stravinsky *Septet*
Adams *Road Movies*
Zorn *Cat O Nine Tails*

21 Sunday, 8:00 pm
Music at Convocation Hall
Guillaume Tardif, violin
Jacques Després, piano
Works by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Ludwig van Beethoven, Henri Wieniawsky and Alexina Louie
Admission: $10/student/senior, $15/adult

22 Monday, 8:00 pm
Master of Music Recital
Junelle Rayne, saxophone
Free admission

23 Tuesday, 8:00 pm
University of Alberta
Indian Music Ensemble
Wasantic Paranjape, Director
and **University of Alberta**
West African Music Ensemble
Robert Kpogo, Director

department of Music

Unless otherwise indicated *Please donate to Campus Food Bank*
Admission: $5/student/senior, $10/adult
Convocation Hall, Arts Building, University of Alberta
Please note: All concerts and events are subject to change without notice. Please call 492-0601 to confirm concerts (after office hours a recorded message will inform you of any changes to our schedule).